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COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

# TIM HOLT

No. 13

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# TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM

SHARP arguments—in the shape of well-thrown hunting knives—are presented by Tim and Chito to convince a badman that he ought to tell them who is the mastermind behind a rustling outfit!

**GUN-SHY!** This tough hombre is literally shy a gun, as Chito hands over their captive's weapon to the sheriff. Tim, taking no chances, stays alert!



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TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



A FLIMSY TABLE CRACKS AS TIM LURCHES INTO SPACE WITH TWO BADMEN CLINGING TO HIS LEGS! BEHIND HIM, CHITO FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE!

RECKON WE GAVE OURSELVES AWAY—BY NOT HAVING A REWARD DODGER—with our names on it!

I GOT HIM!

—ME TOO!

SOMETIMES, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE HONEST COW TOWNS OF THE WEST, OTHER TOWNS SPRANG INTO BEING. HERE THE HOTELS AND SALOONS CATERED TO OUTLAWS AND LONGRIDERS, TO CATTLE RUSTLERS AND GUN-HANDY KILLERS. IN A TOWN LIKE THIS, THERE WERE NO QUESTIONS ASKED. THERE WAS NO MAN WHO WORE THE LAW BADGE. IT WAS A BADMAN'S TOWN—SUCH A TOWN AS BORDER, WHERE ALL WHO WERE ON THE DODGE COULD SEEK, AND FIND, COMPLETE SAFETY...

AND INTO BORDER, RIDE TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARTNER, CHITO. THEY HUNT A MURDERER, AND MEET A DEADLY HAIL OF—

## BORDER TOWN BULLETS!



BUT NOW THAT WE'RE IN THIS—WE'RE IN IT ALL THE WAY! LET GO, YOU SIDE-WINDERS!

YEEOW!

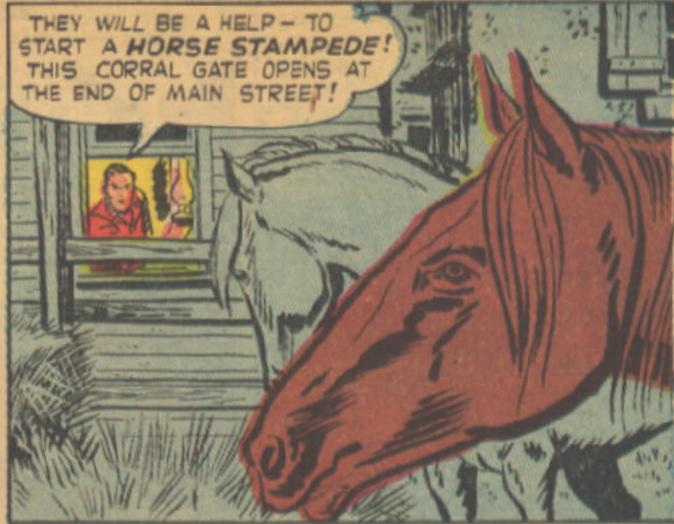
OOOPFF!



## TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



## TIM HOLT

**T**IM AND CHITO SWING DOWN PAST THE STANDS OF PINES HIGH IN THE TIMBER BELT, AND SOON DRAW REIN BEFORE A BRIGHTLY LIGHTED RANCH HOUSE...

BUT IF WE CAN HELP THESE RANCHERS BUST THE BORDER TOWN THREAT, WE'LL HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

EE'S BEEG WORD—EEF!



DIDN'T LEARN WHO KILLED FLASK, HUH?

NO—BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE FROM BORDER TOWN. WHO SHOT HIM IS NOT AS IMPORTANT AS THE FACT THAT THE KILLER HAD A PLACE TO GO, A HIDEOUT WHERE THE LAW COULDN'T TOUCH HIM!

THAT TOWN HAS TO BE STAMPED OUT OF EXISTANCE! BUT TO MOVE AGAINST THEM WE NEED PROOF THAT WILL STAND UP IN A LAW COURT!

YUH'RE WASTIN' TIME! I SAY—MOUNT AN' RIDE!



WE'LL DO IT, LEGALLY! AS A DEPUTY SHERIFF OF BULLET, I CAN'T JUST LEAD AN ARMED MOB AGAINST A TOWN! WE'LL DO THIS MY WAY—LAWFULLY!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, TIM! GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL HIT BACK INTO THE BORDER COUNTRY A DIFFERENT WAY, CHITO. THOSE BAD HATS IN BORDER MUST HIDE THAT RUSTLED CATTLE SOME PLACE. BUT WHERE...?



PAST THE DRAWS AND BREAKS OF THE CANYON COUNTRY, UP HIGHER INTO THE RIMROCK, ACROSS THE SLOPES OF PINON-SHEATHED MOUNTAINS, RIDE TIM AND CHITO. THEN, SOME HOURS PAST DAWN, ON THE MORNING OF THE FIFTH DAY...

LOOK THERE, CHITO!

EE'S JOST BEEG FOG.



MAYBE. AND THEN MAYBE NOT! WE'VE GONE OVER THIS RANGE WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB. THAT MIST COULD HIDE SOMETHING. IT'S WORTH A TRY. LET'S GO, CHITO!



## TIM HOLT

ANOTHER BLIND ALLEY! THE REMAINS OF THE OLD LOST MINE. BROKEN PICKS. SHATTERED SLUICE BOXES. NOT A THING WORTH NOTICING.



TIM IS ABOUT TO SWING UP INTO THE SADDLE AGAIN WHEN HIS ALERT EYES WIDEN IN SURPRISE...

WELL, NOW! A NEW CABLE-CAR AND A NEW CABLE! WHY? NOBODY USES THIS OLD MINE. IT CAVED IN TWENTY YEARS AGO!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN LEARN - BY SEEING WHERE IT GOES!

AY DI MI!

ARE YOU

FOR TELLING  
ME YOU ARE BE  
GO DOWN ON THAT?  
EES MAYBE YOU  
ARE LOCO, TIM?



WITH A PUSH, TIM TAKES OFF IN THE CABLE CAR. SWIFTLY IT PICKS UP SPEED, TEARING THROUGH THE DAMP MISTS...

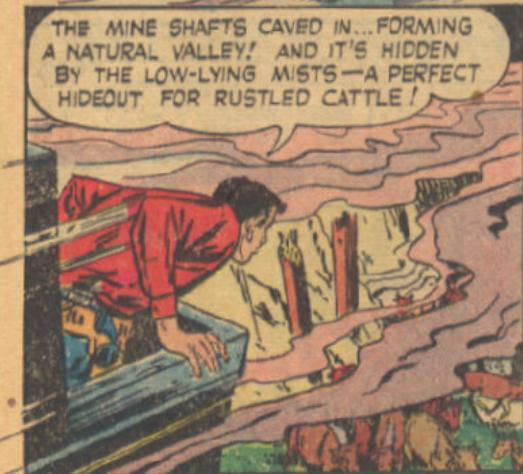
BETTER BE PREPARED FOR TROUBLE IN CASE IT COMES!



HURTLING ALONG AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE CAR BLASTS THROUGH THE MISTS, AND THEN - SPREAD OUT BELOW TIM, IS A VALLEY FILLED WITH STEERS!



THE MINE SHAFTS CAVED IN...FORMING A NATURAL VALLEY! AND IT'S HIDDEN BY THE LOW-LYING MISTS - A PERFECT HIDEOUT FOR RUSTLED CATTLE!



HEY!  
LOOK!

THE CABLE CAR! BUT WHO'S THAT IN IT?

NEVER MIND  
WHO! -IT AIN'T  
ONE OF OUR  
BOYS!  
GIT HIM!

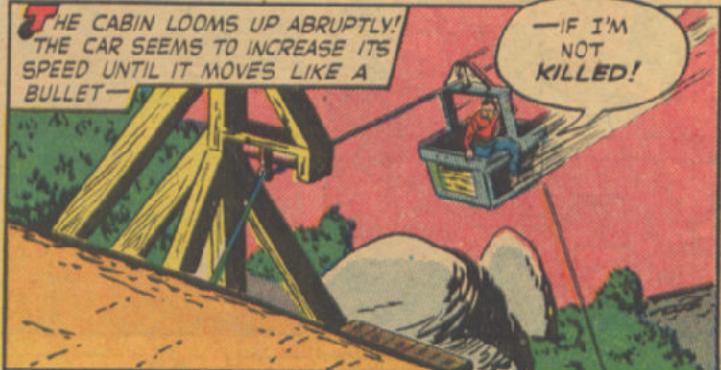


## TIM HOLT

**W**INCHESTERS AND COLTS SOUND WITH SHARP FURY AS TIM HURLES DOWN INTO THE SECRET VALLEY...

AS CHITO WOULD SAY—AY D'MI! LOOKS AS THOUGH I RAN INTO MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR!

THEY'RE NOT WORKING THE BRAKE THAT ORDINARILY SLOWS DOWN THE CABLE CAR! I'LL HIT AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE CABIN — AND BE KNOCKED COLD—!



**W**ITH A DESPERATE BUNCHING OF MUSCLES, TIM DIVES FROM THE CAR—AS IT CRASHES INTO THE CABIN WALL!



## TIM HOLT

SHAKEN DAZED AND SICK FROM THE FORCE OF HIS LEAP AND FALL, TIM'S HANDS SHAKE AS THEY GRASP THE WALNUT HANDLES OF HIS COLTS...

GOT TO — CLEAR MY HEAD — IF I'M GOING TO STOP THEIR RUSH...

BUT THEN — WHY STOP IT? LET 'EM COME!



—BECAUSE WHEN THEY GET THERE, I'LL BE GONE!

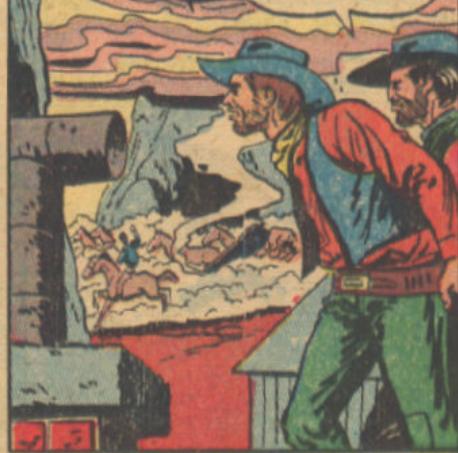


THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ME WITHOUT THEIR SADDLERS! DIG DUST, YOU HORSES! GIT ALONG THERE!



ONE MAN — COMES IN LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNIN' — AND GOES OFF WITH EVERY BRONC WE GOT!

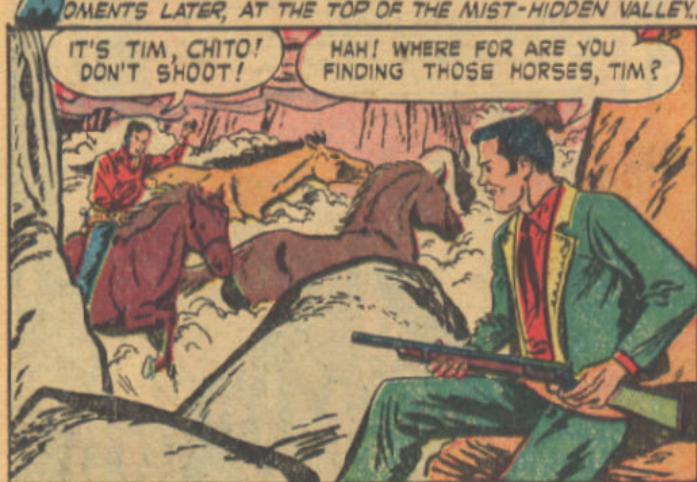
WE'RE AFOOT — WITH BORDER TWENTY MILES AWAY!



MOMENTS LATER, AT THE TOP OF THE MIST-HIDDEN VALLEY...

IT'S TIM, CHITO! DON'T SHOOT!

MAH! WHERE FOR ARE YOU FINDING THOSE HORSES, TIM?



DOWN BELOW, IN THE VALLEY THAT THE MIST HIDES! THERE'S RUSTLED CATTLE THERE, CHITO, SO I'M RIDING FOR THE RANCHMEN. YOU GUARD THIS TRAIL. DON'T LET A SINGLE OWLHOOOT ESCAPE!

I WEEL KEEP THEM PENNED EEN LIKE PEEGS!



# TIM HOLT



BUT CHITO IS ENJOYING HIMSELF IMMENSELY. ONLY ONE BAD HAT CAN COME AT HIM AT A TIME, AND HIS RIFLE IS NEVER SILENT...



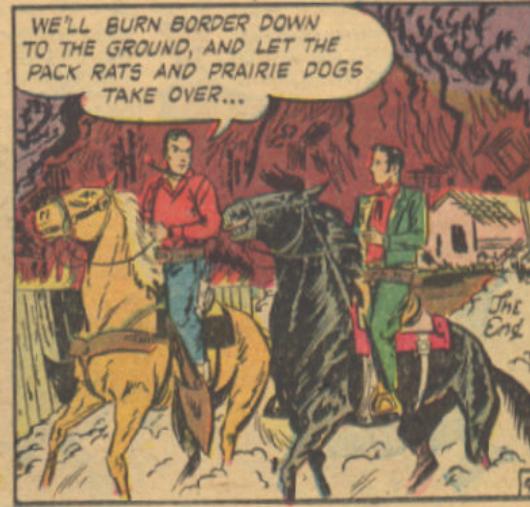
SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE SUN DIPS TOWARD THE HORIZON...



RECKON THAT'S THE PROOF YOU WANT, TIM!



## TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

# the GHOST RIDER

DICK AYERS...

BUT WHEN A HARD-RIDING BUNCH DROVE DOWN ON THE NATIONAL PACIFIC, THE SPECTRAL FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER CATAPOULTED IN FRONT OF THE DIAMOND-STACK ENGINES, AS HE CONFRONTED—

## THE TERROR OF THE TRACKS

**I**N THE EARLY DAYS OF THE RAILROADS, BATTLES RAGED OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASSES—THOSE SHORTCUTS TO THE GOLD FIELDS AND THE SILVER AND COPPER MINING TOWNS. THE RAILROAD THAT OWNED THE QUICKEST TRACKS COULD MAKE THE MOST MONEY—AND THE HARD, GUN-QUICK ELEMENT SOON LEARNED THAT THERE WAS MONEY IN IT FOR THEM, TOO.



A MAN SWEARS IN THE NIGHT WITH COLD FEAR THROBBING IN HIS THROAT—

YOU GOT THE WRONG MAN, BOYS! I NEVER PID NOTHIN' TO NOBODY...

YUH WORK FOR THE NATIONAL PACIFIC, DON'T YUH?



JEB! CAL! IKE!  
THEY GOT YOU ALL!

WE GOT BUCKETS OF TAR, AN' BAGS O' FEATHERS. WE AIM TO MAKE WORKIN' FOR THE NATIONAL PACIFIC RIGHT UNPOPULAR!



## TIM HOLT

BRING 'EM UP HERE  
ONE BY ONE. THIS TAR  
IS GOIN' TO BE JUST  
LIKE A WET, HOT  
BLANKET WHEN  
I DAB IT ON!



THE SHRILL WHINNY OF A  
LUNGING STALLION, THE SCREAM  
OF A FRIGHTENED MAN — AND OUT  
OF THE NIGHT — THE GHOST RIDER!

AAAAAAAGGGH!



FOREGO YOUR VICIOUS  
PLEASURES! LOOSE  
THE BUCKET!

YEEEOOOW!



WHEN THE GHOST RIDER  
COMMANDS — OBEY!

GNNGGG!



BECAUSE YOU WORK FOR THE  
NATIONAL PACIFIC RAILROAD —  
YOU WERE TO BE TARRED  
AND FEATHERED?

THAT'S RIGHT.  
THERE'S ANOTHER  
RAILROAD OPERATING  
NEAR HERE —

THE WESTERN STATES.  
THEY'RE TRYING TO FORCE  
US TO BUY THEIR TRACKS  
AND EQUIPMENT!



THE WESTERN STATES HAS BEEN OUT  
OF BUSINESS FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS.  
A MAN NAMED TOBE PARKER BOUGHT  
UP THEIR ROLLING STOCK FOR A  
MEASLY FIVE HUNDRED SIMOLEONS —  
AND WANTS TO COLLECT A MILLION  
FOR IT FROM THE NATIONAL PACIFIC!



BY HIRING THUGS AND GUNMEN,  
TOBE PARKER CAN MAKE THE  
PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL  
PACIFIC COME TO A DEAD STOP!  
UNLESS IT PAYS BLOOD MONEY FOR  
USELESS EQUIPMENT, HE WILL KEEP  
FOOD AND MEDICINE AND A BETTER  
WAY OF LIFE FROM REACHING  
THESE HILLS!



# TIM HOLT

SOME DAYS LATER, ALONG THE RUSTED TRACKS OF THE WESTERN STATES LINE...

THE GHOST RIDER SURE BUSTED UP OUR LITTLE PARTY. I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A FOOL IDEA, TOBE!

NO, THIS IS A GOOD IDEA. THE NATIONAL PACIFIC WANTS THE GOLD FIELD'S BUSINESS. IF WE TAKE SADDLE PASS, THEY'LL NEVER GET IT!



AN' WE'LL TAKE AN' HOLD SADDLE PASS - WITH GUNS! IT'LL COST THE NATIONAL PACIFIC PLENTY TO BUY IT FROM US! PLENTY!

HUH! MEBBE YUH'RE NOT AS LOCO AS I THOUGHT, TOBE! SADDLE PASS WOULD SAVE THEM HUNDREDS OF MILES OF TRACK-LAYIN'. YEAH! LET'S RIPE!



HIGH IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE BROKEN BOW MOUNTAIN RANGE...

IT'S PARKER AND HIS MEN, SING-SONG. THEY'RE HEADING FOR SADDLE PASS - AND FOR TROUBLE FOR THE NATIONAL PACIFIC!

SING-SONG RIDE PLENNY QUICK-FAST. TELLEE RAILROAD MEN WHAT HAPPENED?



AND WHILE SING-SONG IS RIDING DOWN - I'LL BE RIDING UP - TO THE PASS ITSELF!



HERE AND THERE IN THE WESTERN LANDS, MEN LIKE TOBE PARKER FIND A READY WELCOME IN THE CAMPS OF RENEGADE APACHES...

GOOD PAY FOR YOUR BRAVES, MISKETEE! LEND ME TWENTY OF THEM. I PAY YOU WITH TWENTY HORSES.

MISKETEE LOAN BRAVES. TAKE YOUR HORSES AS PAYMENT! GOOD!



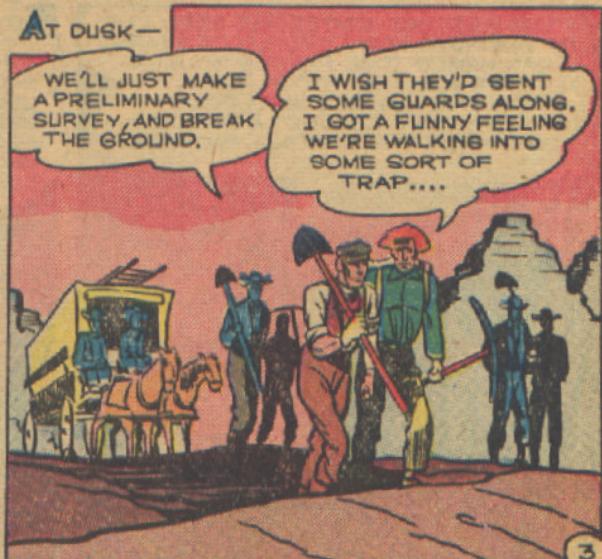
A PERFECT SETUP! WHEN THOSE NATIONAL PACIFIC CREWS HEAD UP THIS WAY - THEY'LL NEVER GO DOWN AGAIN!



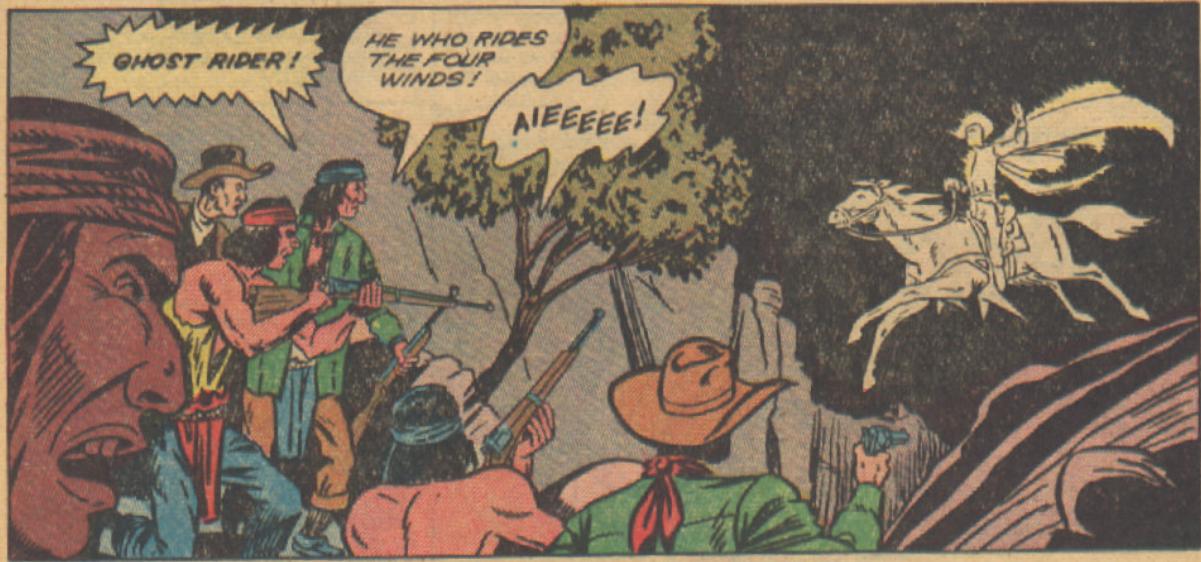
AT DUSK -

WE'LL JUST MAKE A PRELIMINARY SURVEY, AND BREAK THE GROUND.

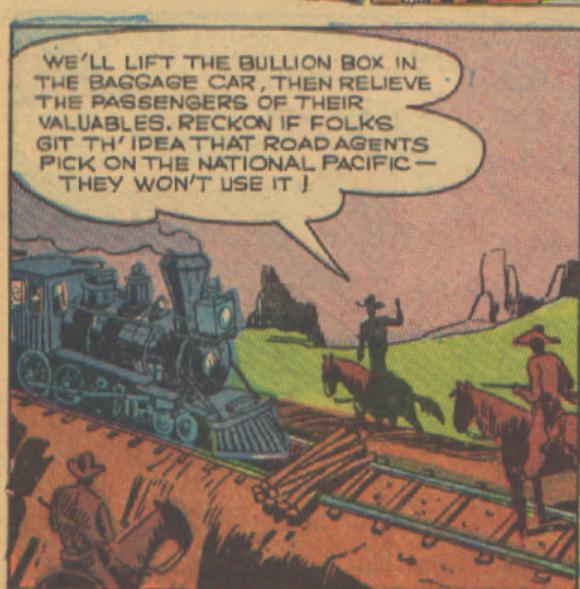
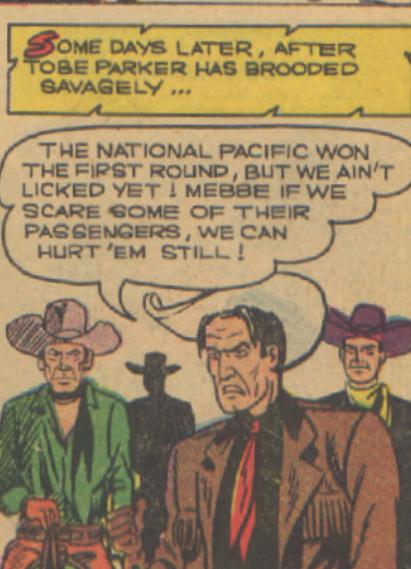
I WISH THEY'D SENT SOME GUARDS ALONG. I GOT A FUNNY FEELING WE'RE WALKING INTO SOME SORT OF TRAP....



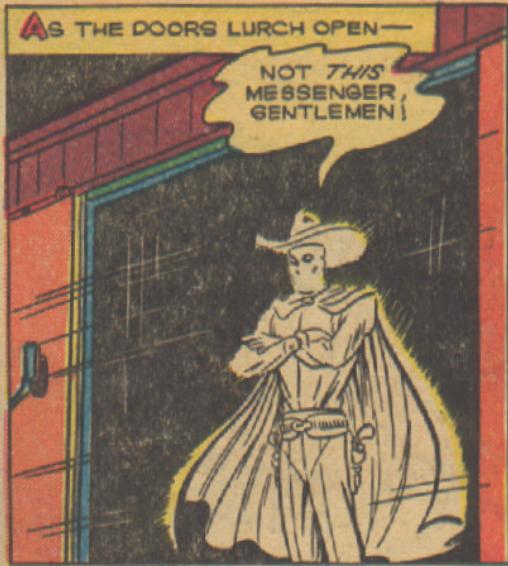
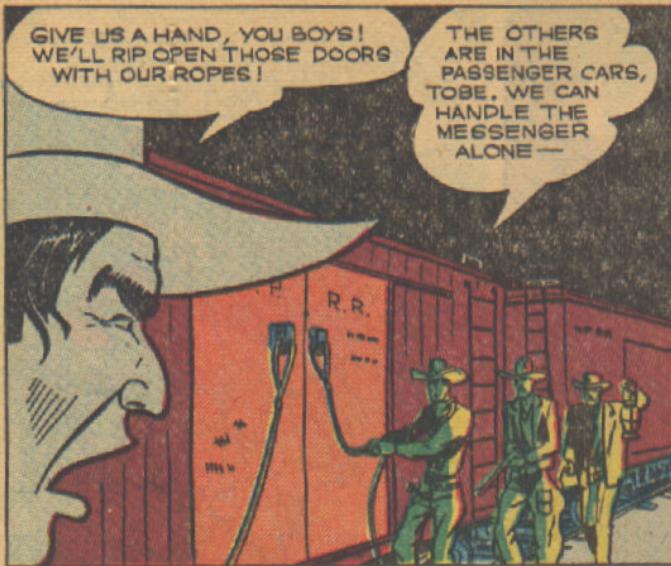
## TIM HOLT



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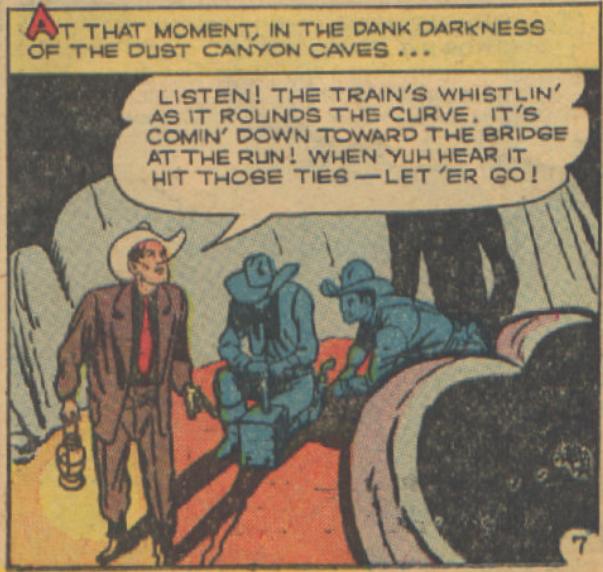
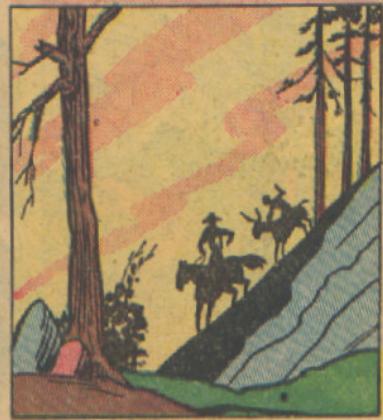
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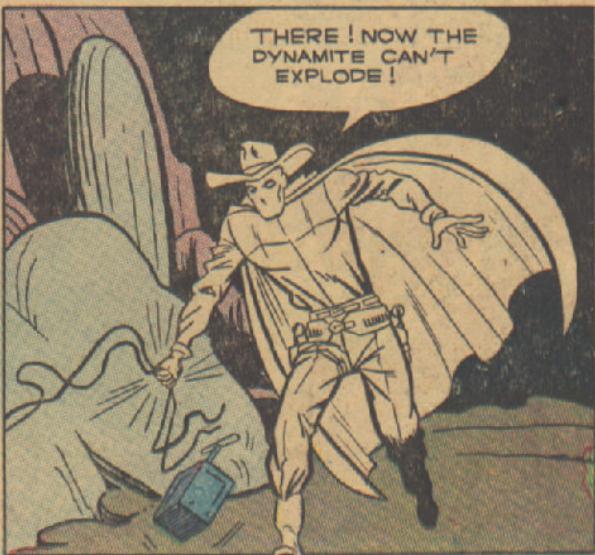


FOR SOME DAYS, REX FURY AND SING SONG PATROL THE TIMBER BELT HIGH ABOVE THE GLEAMING RAILS OF THE NATIONAL PACIFIC. THEN, ONE AFTERNOON ...



# TIM HOLT

UNAWARE THAT DEATH WAITS BENEATH THE GLISTENING TRACKS, THE NATIONAL PACIFIC LIMITED THUNDER'S FORWARD...



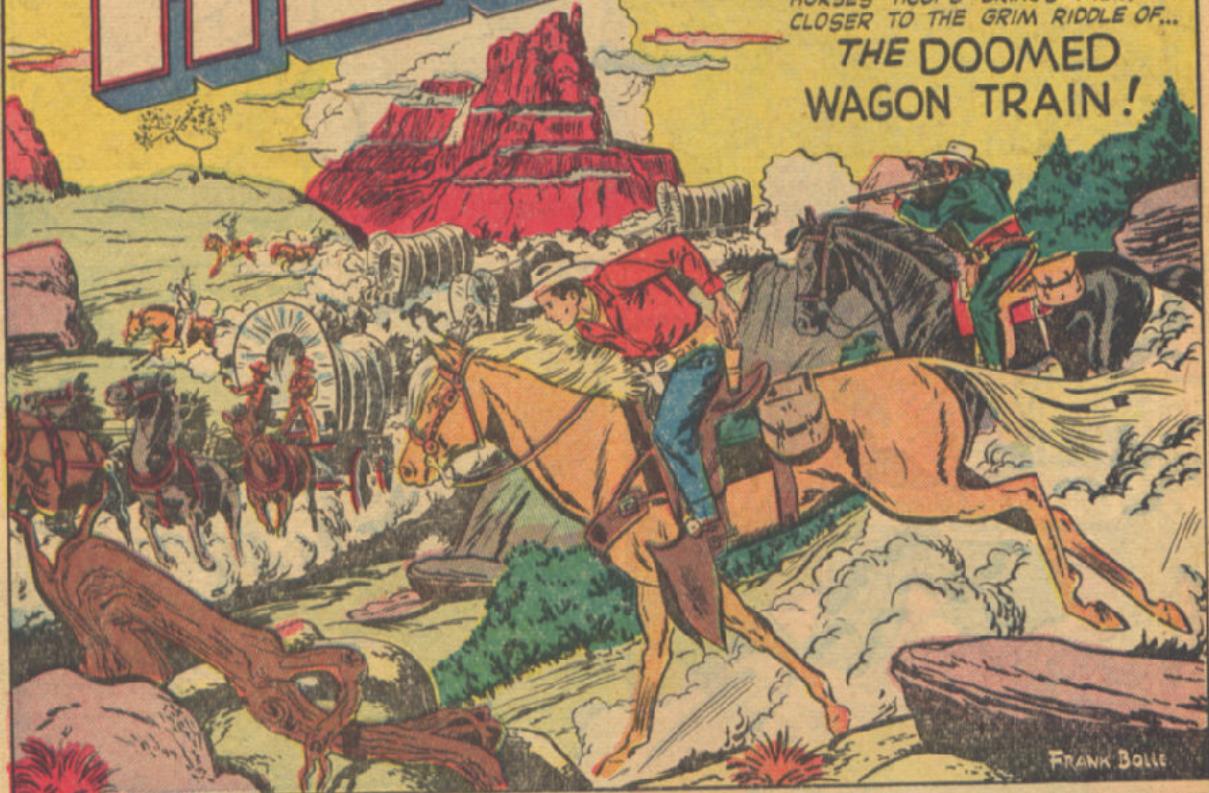
TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

TRUNDLING ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, THEIR WAGON BEDS FILLED WITH THINGS TO MAKE A HOME, THE HOMESTEADERS OF THE NEWLETT WAGON TRAIN CROSS BUFFALO FLATS. AND, AS THEIR WAGON-WHEELS MARK NEW RUTS IN THE GRAMA GRASS, THE DREADED WAR-WHOOP SOUNDS!

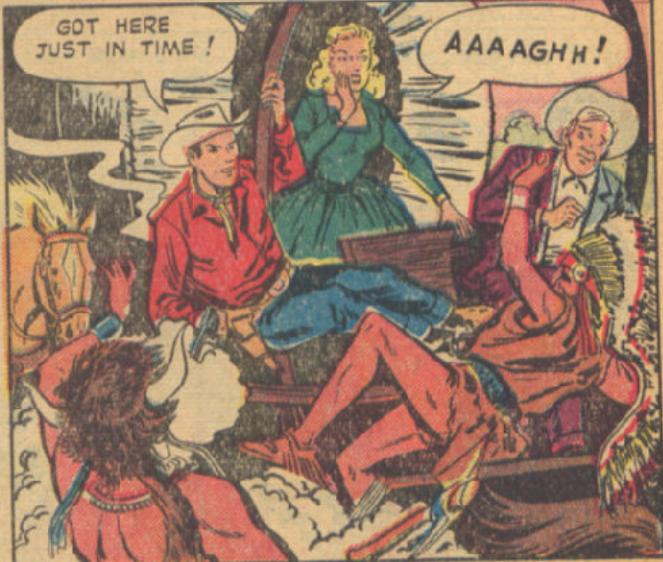
THUNDERING DOWN TO THE RESCUE COME TIM HOLT AND CHITO. AND EVERY STEP OF THEIR HORSES' HOOFs 'BRINGS THEM CLOSER TO THE GRIM RIDDLE OF...

## THE DOOMED WAGON TRAIN!

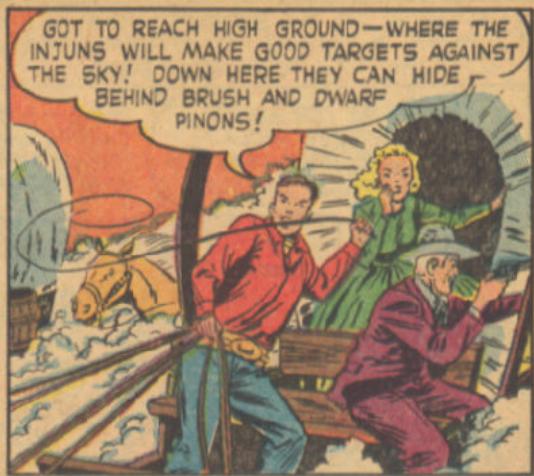


THE WHISTLING OF WAR ARROWS AND THE SHARP CRACK OF SPENCER CARBINES DROWN OUT TIM'S RAPID APPROACH —

THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED US YET, CHITO — BUT THEY WILL NOW!



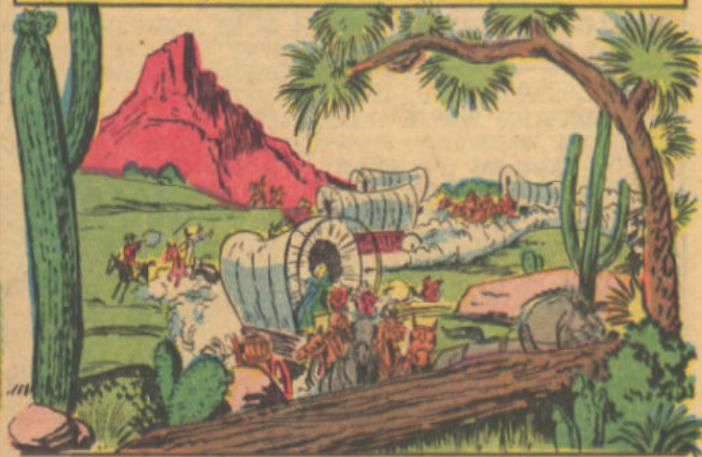
## TIM HOLT



**G**OLTS BLASTING, TIM RIDES ROUGHSHOD OVER THE ATTACKING INDIANS!



WITH GUN AND VOICE, AND DEFT RIBBON-HANDLING, TIM TAKES THE LEAD, THE OTHER TRAINS FOLLOWING ...



**F**INALLY, HIGH UP IN THE TIMBER BELT, THE WAGON TRAIN DRAWS TO A HALT...

I'M EZRA NEWLETT, FRIEND! LOOKS LIKE WE LOST THEM VARMINTS!

THEY'VE GIVEN UP. FUNNY THING TOO. THEY SEEMED FILLED WITH FIRE WATER. AND THEY ONLY GET THAT FROM A WHITE MAN!



WE'RE ON OUR WAY INTO THE NEW TERRITORY THE GOVERNMENT IS THROWIN' OPEN TO SETTLERS. WE'D LIKE IT FINE IF YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WOULD RIDE ALONG WITH US.

WE'RE HEADING THAT WAY OURSELVES, TO CHECK ON SOME OATS I WANT TO BUY FOR FEED FOR MY CAVVIES.



**F**AR AHEAD OF THE WAGON TRAIN, HIGH IN THE PEPPERMINT RANGE, THREE MEN HUNKER DOWN BEFORE A CAMPFIRE...

WELL, THAT INJUN ATTACK FLOPPED. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



## TIM HOLT.

DAY AFTER DAY, THE BIG VANS MOVE WESTWARD. CLIMBING HIGHER INTO THE PEPPERMINT MOUNTAINS, THEY COME TO A "CORDUROY" ROAD...

A FANCY NAME FOR SUCH A CRUDE ROAD, MISS PAULA — BUT THEY GIVE GOOD TRACTION TO THOSE WAGON WHEELS!

MMH — BUT THEY'RE AWFULLY BUMPY OHHH — WHAT'S THAT?

DYNAMITE!

JUMP FOR IT!



TIM LEAPS DOWN ONTO THE LEAD WAGON.

SPEED UP THE WAGONS! ONCE THAT LANDSLIDE STARTS, IT'LL KNOCK THE WAGONS OFF THE TRAIL AND CRUSH EVERY ONE OF US!

WE'RE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN THE TRAP!



THE SHARP CRACK OF A BULL WHIP! THE CREAKING STRAIN OF TORTURED WHEELS! A LURCH! A RATTLED BUMPING OF WHEELS ON

LOGS!



ROCKS THUD DOWN! DIRT SLIDES FROM LITTLE HUMPS OF BARRIERS, BUT ONWARD THE WAGONS ROLL —

IF WE CAN REACH THAT SOLID ROCK UP AHEAD, WE'RE SAFE!



AAAGGGHHH!



GOT TO CATCH HIM THE FIRST TIME! — THERE WON'T BE ANY SECOND CHOICE!

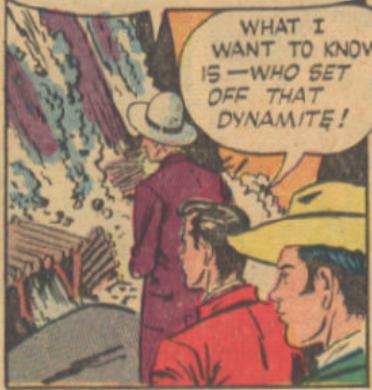


## TIM HOLT



THE LAST WAGON JERKS TO A HALT AS THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN GIVES WAY AND SWEEPS THE LOG ROAD INTO THE CANYON!

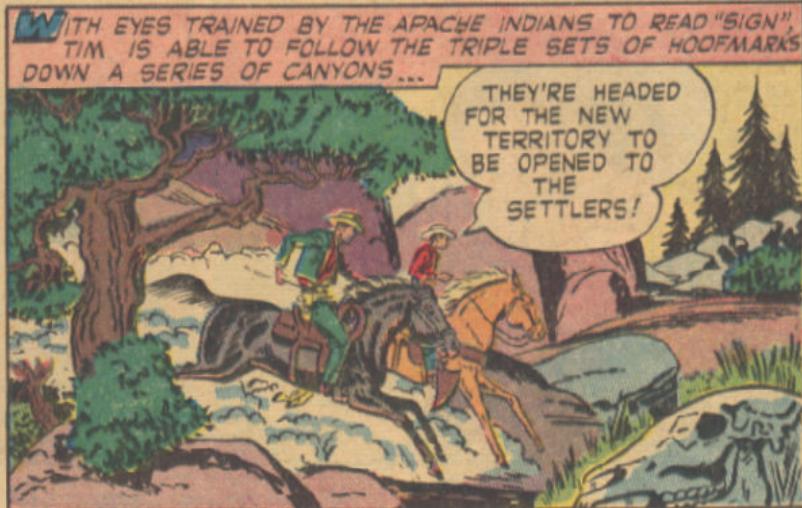
WE'D BE DOWN THERE — WIVES AND SONS AND DAUGHTERS CAUGHT IN THAT CRUSHER — IF YOU HADN'T HELPED US, TIM!



THEY WEEEL BE MUCHOS BAD, TIM! AY DI MI! THEENK OF ALL THOSE POOR LEELET CHEELDREN EEN THAT WAGON TRAIN!



THREE HORSES' TRACKS BACK EEN THE HEELS, TIM. THEY ARE TO BE MADE CAMP, THEN ARE RIDING ON!



THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE NEW TERRITORY TO BE OPENED TO THE SETTLERS!

TWO DAYS LATER, TIM AND CHITO REIN IN AT A BOOMER TOWN. HERE IS THE STARTING POINT FOR THE RACE FOR NEW LAND. HERE TOO, ARE THE THREE WOULD-BE KILLERS...



MEBBE WE CAN STILL GET THAT MINE IF WE SHOVE THOSE HOMESTEADERS OFF THE LAND THEY CLAIM.

# TIM HOLT

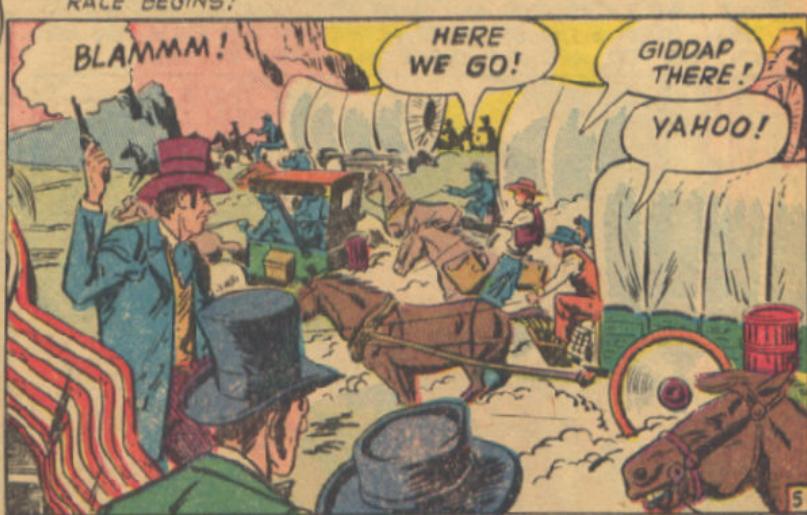
WE GOT THE FORGED PAPERS.  
ALL WE GOT TO DO IS GET RID OF THE NEWLETT'S!

AH, WE CAN DO THAT AFTER THEY SETTLE.  
STOP WORRYIN'  
AN' DRINK UP!

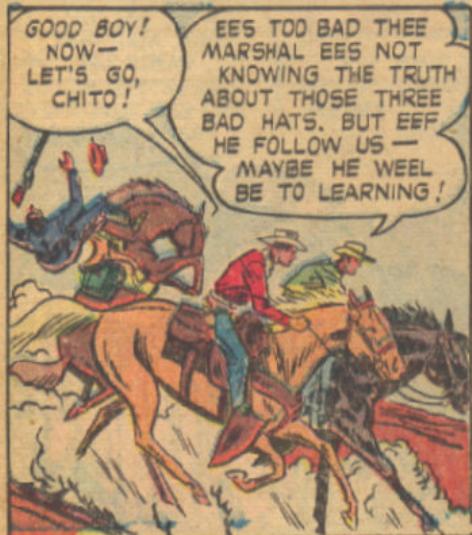
AT THE LOCAL "NEWSPAPER" OFFICE...

WE AIN'T GOT MANY OF 'EM. WE ONLY BEEN HERE A COUPLE WEEKS. BUT ANY NEWS THAT'S HAPPENED YUH'LL FIND IN THESE...

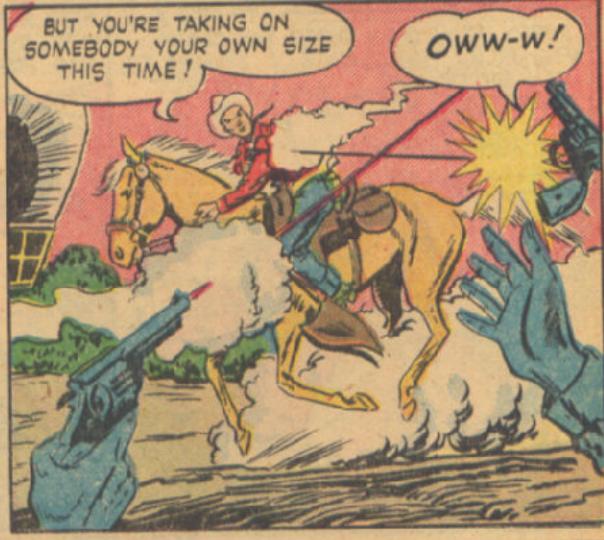
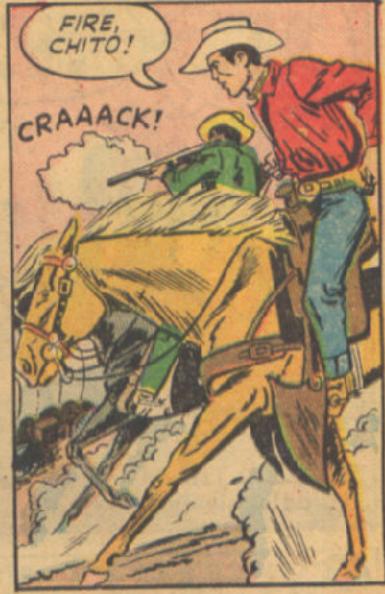
THANKS!  
THAT'S WHAT I WANT!



# TIM HOLT



## TIM HOLT



## TIM HOLT

# MESQUITE MANHUNT

away as the horse bolted, heels high.

Cholla Jim lurched toward the sandstone rocks, his hand going by instinct to his Colt. He knew that the man with the rifle could bide his time. His Colt could never harm the rifleman. It did not have the distance and the accuracy that the Winchester had. But he yanked his gun and hit the dirt on his belly, and crawled.

He lay panting, listening. Only the silence of the mesquite flats hemmed him in. Somewhere in the far distance, a buffalo wolf howled. He squirmed as the hot sun baked him. There was no time, out here. It was wait—wait!—and at any moment a .56-50 slug might come burrowing into his back!

He turned carefully, the sandstone rock between him and the hidden killer. Suddenly he caught his breath. Someone was running heavily, boots pounding in the sand.

Cholla Jim came to his feet in one abrupt motion like an uncoiling spring. His face was shadowed from the sun as he came from behind the sandstone rock. His Colt was in his hand, and with the big brim of his hat keeping out the sun, his vision was perfect. He saw the running man a hundred yards away stop and turn and throw up his rifle.

Cholla Jim thumbed his Colt as he ran forward, lurching from side to side to throw off the rifleman's aim. A rifle is a ponderous weapon for close quarters. The rifleman cursed once, stood undecided for a moment—then went down with a .45 shell in his left thigh. The rifle dropped and lay ten feet from his balled fist.

Benbrook stood over the man, smoke drifting upward from his Colt. His face was a hard, brown mask. "Spindler! A cowpoke for the Crazy X. You in this on your lonesome, hombre—or is the whole Crazy X behind you?"



CHOLLA JIM Benbrook sat tense in the saddle, his eyes searching out across the dun slopes of shrub-covered flats. He was a new rancher in the Basin, but he would not be new for long. He would not be a rancher, either—unless he found the men who were running off his selected stock of Oregon Durhams!

He felt the heavy Colt revolver rub his thigh as he came down out of the saddle to examine the trampled ground where a bawling calf had been held and branded. The still-warm embers of the branding iron fire sent a thin heat film upwards. And in the trampled dirt around the embers he found the heel-marks of a man's boots. Cholla Jim hunkered down and squinted, memorizing that mark. The next time he saw it, he would know it, as he knew his own face!

Thoughtfully, he swung up and toed the big bay gelding and moved him at a steady trot across the mesquite-dotted flats. He was a newcomer to this range; he had been foreman of the big Grated House ranch, back in Texas, had learned and practised the art of ranching there. Now, with his life's savings, his wife and little boy, he had come to Arizona—and run into rustlers!

*They're getting bolder, he thought. They do their branding right on my land, now. It indicated that they did not hold him in much respect. His lips twisted grimly. He had killed men, back in Texas. His right hand was adept with a Colt, and with the trigger of a Winchester. He had refrained from fighting, thinking it might brand him a gunman. It doesn't matter what anyone thinks, from now on, his thoughts ran. I either kill or get killed!*

The sudden *spaaaannng* of a rifle bullet slamming off an upthrust tongue of sandstone overhead sent him leaping groundward. Another bullet ploughed dirt at the gelding's feet, scaring him into a twisting, bucking jump away from Benbrook. Desperately he clawed for his saddle rifle, and saw it going

## TIM HOLT

Spindler, a spasm of pain twisting his mouth downward, glared upward. He snarled, "Throw your loop somewhere else, Benbrook. I'm not spooked by you or —"

Cholla Jim grinned. He put his big hand down behind Spindler's neck and caught hold of his shirt collar and twisted, heaving the man to his feet. As his weight came down on his bullet-ripped thigh, Spindler screamed.

Benbrook said coldly, "I got a wife and a youngster, Spindler. I'm in no mood to play games. My wife and my son need my little ranch. They need me, Spindler. You tried to kill me."

Spindler gibbered, trying to balance himself on one leg. Cholla Jim let go of him, and again his weight came down on his wounded leg. Spindler bit his lip half through with the pain that racked him. He lay shaking and sweating and moaning.

Benbrook hefted his gun. He smiled, but it was not a nice smile. Spindler saw that smile and shook his head. "No—don't!—I'll tell you what you—want to know. Sure—it's me an' two more boys on the Crazy X."

"Where they holed up?"

"North of here. A mile th' other side of Bubbling Sink. We run the steers we rustle down below the sink, in one of the box canyons."

"Get up. You're going to take me there!"

"No. They'll shoot me too! I—" Then Spindler saw the cold, hard look in Cholla Jim's eyes and shivered. . . .

\* \* \*

They came together out of the shadows of the bluffs, quartering down toward the low, rolling slopes of Bubbling Sink. Benbrook rode with his rifle in his hands, dark eyes watchful under the Stetson brim.

He saw the two men whirl away from their campfire, their hands going down toward their guns. Cholla Jim rammed in his spurs. His horse leaped forward and his gun came up.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,  
MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION  
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CON-  
GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS  
AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH  
3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C.  
233), OF TIM HOLT, published monthly  
at Buffalo, New York, for October 1st,  
1949.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES,  
INC., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.  
Editor, RAYMOND C. KRANK, 11 Park  
Place, New York 7, N. Y.  
Managing Editor, NONE.

Business Manager, SALLY R. HENDER-  
SON, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total

amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.  
Vincent Sullivan, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are not any, so state.)  
None.

4. The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of

The men were scattering before the pounding hooves of the bay gelding. Benbrook felt the wind of a bullet fan his cheek. His eyes were hard, grim. *It's you or them!* he told himself. *You want to make a home for Molly and young Ted, and they're just human buzzards, preying on the weak...*

He was firing as he swayed to the motion of his bay horse. He fired without sighting, a snap shot that missed. Then he was whirling the pony in his tracks, turning him as if he were cutting out a steer from a trail herd. He saw a running man in front of him and threw down with his gun.

The Colt bucked in his hand, but the running man was falling away, lunging one way as his gun spurted another.

Benbrook whirled the bay gelding, his Colt roaring. He had sighted the last outlaw ducking for cover behind a rock spur, but he gave him no time. He sent the bay at a gallop up the hill, reloading as he ran.

He caught the man in an open space, ten feet from the rock. The man stood there with his gun up and he triggered it right at Benbrook. Only somehow, he was missing and the Colt in Cholla Jim's hand was steady as he raised it. He felt the walnut grip buck into his palm as his thumb released the hammer once—then twice.

The man's legs twisted as if they were rubber. He turned slowly, sideways, and fell that way.

Cholla Jim put his Colt into his holster and turned to look at Spindler. "Reckon this mesquite manhunt of mine is over," he said. "They're both dead, an' yuh'll be safe in jail by nightfall. Yep, from now on, my ranch will grow and prosper!"

And as he cantered after the bound Spindler on the trail to town, he thought of dinner waiting for him in the ranchhouse, and Molly, and young Ted. And a warm glow filled his chest and ribs, and spread into his heart. . . .

the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

SALLY R. HENDERSON,  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1949.

THEODORE MARVIN,

Notary Public.  
Bronx County Clerk's No. 19, Reg. No.  
63-M-O; New York County Clerk's No.  
266, Reg. No. 359-M-O.

Commission expires March 30, 1950.

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



HEN A STEAMBOAT GAMBLER ABANDONS THE MISSISSIPPI WATERWAYS AND SETTLES DOWN IN THE COWTOWN OF BULLET, TROUBLE STARTS BREWING LIKE THE START OF A KANSAS TORNADO! FOR "ACES" WILDE WAS NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO PLAY WITHOUT CHEATING - AND WHEN HE FLEECED THE COWPUNCHERS OF TIM HOLT'S T-BAR-H RANCH - HE DISCOVERED THAT WHEN TIM CAME RIDING, THERE WAS BOUND TO BE -



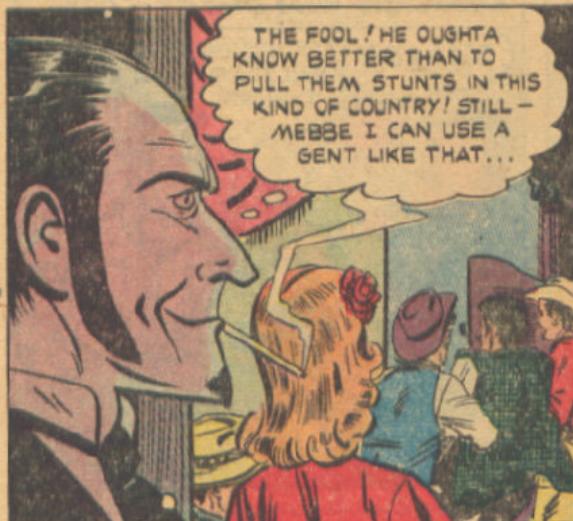
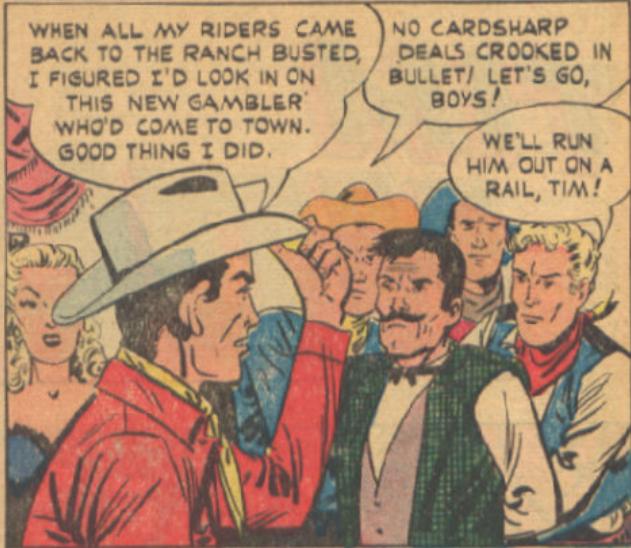
## SIXGUNS IN THE CARDS.



## TIM HOLT



AS THE HAPLESS GAMBLER IS HUSTLED TOWARD THE STREET, A GRIM SMILE PLAYS ON THE LIPS OF ZEB ZENO, SALOON OWNER...



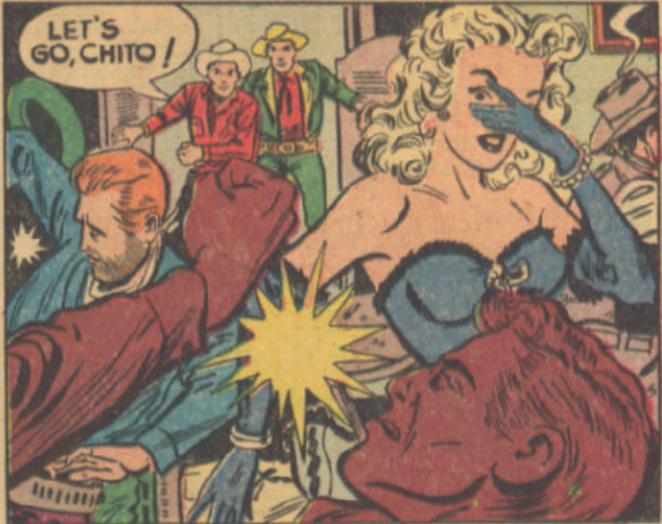
THE FOLLOWING WEEK, A NEW GAMBLER ARRIVES IN BULLET, AND HE SOON ACQUIRES THE REPUTATION OF BEING AN HONEST DEALER. ON SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN TIM'S HANDS RIDE INTO TOWN...



AS THE GAME GOES ON, THE LONG NAILS OF THE GAMBLER CLEVERLY MARK THE PLAYING CARDS...



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

PUT TIM BEHIND BARS? ON HEES SAYING-SO? YOU ARE STUPEED EEF YOU BELIEVING HEEM! PEEG! PRAIRIE DOG! EMPTY-HEADED GOOSE!

THAT'S ENOUGH O'THAT!  
TAKE HIM WITH HOLT, BOYS,  
UNTIL HE COOLS OF!  
I'LL LOOK IN ON EM TOMORROW!

**B**UT EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING A DAZED AND WOUNDED T-BAR-H COOK SLIPS FROM THE SADDLE BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

RUSTLERS-RAIDED THE RANCH-RAN OFF CATTLE! TIM AN' THE BOYS DIDN'T COME HOME...

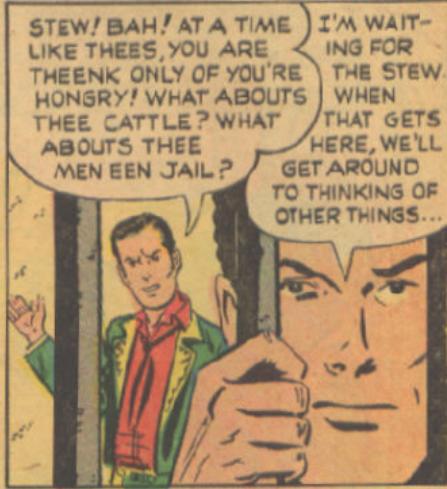
TIM'S IN JAIL. DOGGONE! RECKON I'D BETTER ROUND UP A POSSE AN' LIGHT OUT FOR THE T-BAR-H, AN' SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



**S**OME MINUTES LATER, AS THE COOK TELLS HIS STORY...

SO THAT'S WHY THE BOYS AND I WERE TOSSED INTO THE JUZGADO-SO THE RANGE WOULD BE CLEAR FOR RUSTLING! HMM... COOKIE I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME ONE OF YOUR STEWS... AN THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO PUT IN IT...

STEW! BAH! AT A TIME I'M WAITING FOR THEEES, YOU ARE THEENK ONLY OF YOU'RE HONGRY! WHAT ABOUTS THEE CATTLE? WHAT ABOUTS THEE MEN EEN JAIL? GET AROUND TO THINKING OF OTHER THINGS...



**G**CONCEALED IN THE DEEP DISH OF STEW IS A LUMP OF SOFT WAX. AS TIM HANDS THE EMPTY PLATES BACK TO THE JAILER, HIS HAND PALMS THE WAX, SLIPS TO THE KEY-RING...



**F**OR A SINGLE INSTANT, TIM'S PALM PRESSES THE WARMED WAX AGAINST THE JAIL CELL KEY...



HA! I THOUGHT YUH WERE SMART, HOH? GETTIN' ME CLOSE TO THE BARS SO YUH COULD GET MY KEYS! BUT IT DIDN'T WORK, SEE? I'M SMART, I AM. I'M WISE TO ALL THE TRICKS!

-SIGH-  
I GUESS YOU ARE, JOE!



## TIM HOLT

THE WAX IMPRESSION IS THROWN THROUGH THE CELL WINDOW TO THE WAITING COOK AND TAKEN TO A LOCKSMITH. LATER, COOKIE TOSSES A DUPLICATE KEY THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOWS ...



SEE YOU LATER, JOE.  
WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE  
RESTAURANT TO EAT.



HUH? WHAZZAT? HUH?  
WHO WAS - ? -  
GULP - THEY  
ESCAPED!



WE'VE A GOOD START,  
CHITO. WHEN THE SHERIFF COMES  
BACK FROM THE RANCH AND TAKES AFTER  
US, WE'LL BE FAR ENOUGH AWAY SO HE  
WON'T CATCH US UNTIL I WANT  
HIM TO.



AM I FOR  
HEAR RIGHT?  
UNTIL YOU  
ARE WANT  
HEEM  
TO?

OUR BOYS NEVER CHEATED.  
THE GAMBLER THEY WERE  
WITH MUST HAVE MARKED  
THOSE CARDS. IF THAT'S  
SO, HE'LL LIGHT A SHUCK  
OUT OF BULLET. WE MERELY  
WAIT FOR HIM - AND  
FOLLOW!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE MINING  
TOWN SOUTH OF PRAIRIE PASS ...

YUH GOT HERE SURE! IT WAS  
ALL RIGHT? SMART OF YOU TO  
HAVE ME MEET YUH  
HERE. SOMEBODY IN  
BULLET MIGHT SEE YOU  
PAY ME AN' CONNECT US.  
THIS WAY, NOBODY  
WILL EVER  
KNOW!



HERE Y'ARE, ACES. THE  
THOUSAND BUCKS I PROMISED  
YUH. I'LL MAKE TWENTY  
TIMES THAT WITH THE  
T-BAR-H HERD I  
ROUNDED UP...

THAT'S ALL THE PROOF I  
NEED! LET'S GO, CHITO!



# TIM HOLT



AS TIM YANKS THE GAMBLER TO HIS FEET, ONCE AGAIN THE BAT-WING DOORS SWING OPEN —



THE END



All work and gun-play would make Tim a dull boy, so it's time out for a chat with lovely Nan Leslie.

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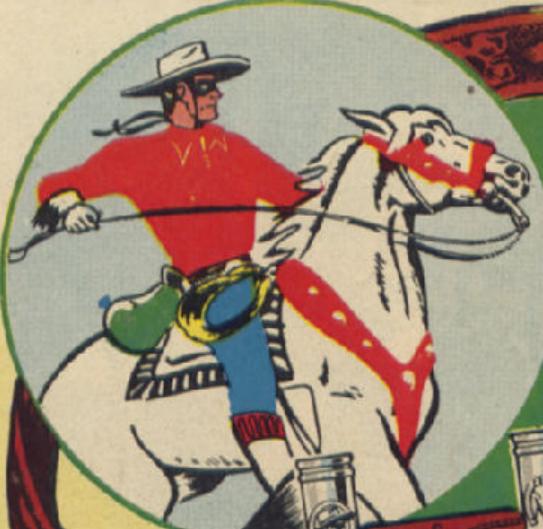
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